Gone the days when they were mangy dogs who dared to criticise, and gone the days when *The Times* was disrespectful. Already *The Times* made pleasanter reading than the *Daily Herald.*

See him awaited by his parliamentary followers, gathered in the Friends' Meeting House, an earnest company. He is late. One or two step on to the platform and speak; the 'Red Flag' is sung, hymn-like. Some, as they sing it, instinctively feel in their pockets in preparation for a collection. At last he comes—their leader. 'My frriends!' They applaud in a desultory way. His overcoat flaps open revealing underneath white waistcoat and white tie. Between his fingers a cigar droops. 'My frrriends!' He cannot stay a moment, he explains. He is in a great hurry. They will understand. Then he is gone, with only the fragrance of his cigar to remind them that he has been there at all. They look at one another nervously, bitterly, the next morning read in the papers that he had gone on to a reception given by Lady Londonderry.

How they distrusted and for the most part disliked him; yet clung to him. He was the only possible leader, they assured one another; he still had a large folio wing in the constituencies. These arguments failed to convince. Uneasiness remained. Even now it remains inexplicable why so many who distrusted MacDonald should have continued to endure his leadership[3]—unless it was that, consciously or unconsciously, they felt that what he was going to do had to be done, and that he must do it, leaving them free to dissociate themselves.

[3] Mr. MacNeill Weir, in his account in *The Tragedy of*

of the events which led up to the formation of the National Government, fails to clear up this point. He gives many examples of MacDonald* s treachery, shallowness and vanity, but does not explain how he personally and the Labour Party generally came to have and to keep so transparent a villain for their leader. Similarly, in his pamphlet, 'What Happened in 1931', Lord Passfield suggests that MacDonald's infamy was unmistakable; yet he had not thought fit to resign in protest against so infamous a leader, and in 1924 had broken with the *New Statesman*, which he had been instrumental in founding, because it had ventured to criticise MacDonald.